Prin. Well, heere is my legge.

Fal. And heere is my ſpeech: ſtand aſide. Nobility.

Ho. O Ieſu, this is excellent ſport, yfaith.

Fal. Weepe not, ſweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Ho. O the father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods ſake Lords, conuey my truſtfull Queene; For teares do ſtop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Ho. O Ieſu, he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry players, as euer I ſee.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good tickle-braine. *Harry*, I doe not only maruell where thou ſpendeſt thy time, but alſo, how thou art accompained: For though the Cammomile, the more it is troden, the faſter it growes; yet youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it weares: thou art my ſonne, I haue partly thy mothers word, partly my opinon; but chiefly, a villanous tricke of thine eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſonne to me, here lieth the poynt; why, being ſonne to me, art thou ſo pointed at? ſhall the bleſſed ſonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate Blackeberries? a queſtion not to be askt. Shall the ſonne of *England* proue a thiefe, and take purſes? a queſtion to be askt. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is knowne to many in our Land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient writers doe report) doth defile? ſo doth the company thou keepeſt: for *Harry*, now I doe not ſpeak to thee in drinke, but in teares; not in pleaſure, but in paſſion; not in words onely, but in woes alſo: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, and it like your Maieſtie?

Fal. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheerfull looke, a pleaſing eie, and a moſt noble carriage, and as I think, his age ſome fifty, or birlady, inclining to threeſcore, and now I remember me, his name is *Falſtaffe*: if that man ſhould be lewdly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry*, I ſee vertue in his lookes; if then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I ſpeake it, there is vertue in that *Falſtaffe*, him keepe with, the reſt baniſh: and tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where haſt thou been this month?

Prince.

Prince. Doſt thou ſpeake like a King? doe th
and ile play my father.

Fal. Depoſeme, if thou doſt it halfe ſo grauel
both in word and matter, hang me vp by the
bet-ſucker, or a powlters hare.

Prince. Well, heere I am ſet.

Falſ. And heere I ſtand, iudge, my maſters.

Prince. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Falſ. My Noble Lord, from *Eaſtcheape*.

Prince. The complaints I heare of thee, are g

Falſ. Zbloud my Lord, they are falſe: nay, Il
young Prince yfaith.

Prince. Swearſt thou, vngracious Boy? henc
on me, thou art violently carried away from gr
uell haunts in the likeneſſe of a fat old man,
thy companion; why doſt thou conuerſe wit
humors, that boulting-hutch of beaſtlineſſe, tha
of Dropſies, that huge bombard of Sacke, that ſt
of gutts, hat roſted Manning-tree Oxe with th
belly, that reuerent Vice, that gray Iniquitie,
ſian, that vanity in yeeres? wherein is he good,
and drinke it? wherein neate and cleanly, but t
and eate it? wherein cunning, but in Craft? whe
in Villanie? wherein villanous, but in all things
thy, but in nothing?

Falſ. I would your Grace would take me w
meanes your Grace?

Prince. That villanous abominable miſleade
ſtaffe, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know. *Prin.* I k

Fal. But to ſay, I know more harme in him t
were to ſay more then I know: that he is old (th
tie) his white haires do witneſſe it: but that he
reuerence) a whoremaſter, that I vtterly den
Sugar be a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be o
a ſinne, then many an old Oaſt that I know, is da
ſatte, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* leane kine
No, my good Lord, baniſh *Peto*, baniſh *Bardol*, ba